

THE ACADEMY.  
April 3, 1909

THE PIERCING CRIES OF MR. PEARSON

# THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1926

APRIL 3, 1909

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## “SCORPIO.” By J. A. CHALONER

He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man ‘to sleep’ with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort ‘Scorpio.’ So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls ‘The Devil’s Horseshoe.’ We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A fecund sight for a philosopher—  
Rich as Golconda’s mine in lessons rare—  
That gem-bediz’d “horse-shoe” at th’ Opera,  
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!  
His votaries doth Mammon there array,  
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;  
Spangl’d with jewels, satins, silks and lace,  
Croons whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;  
Beldames whose slightest glance would fight a horse;  
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—  
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.

A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

But, spite of them, the music’s very nice.”

“Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-flaying. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing.”—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare’s memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter’s impudent comments upon Shakespeare.

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

In last week's issue of the *Sketch* there appears on page three hundred and forty-nine a full-length photographic portrait of a German Jewish gentleman, Herr Meyer. Herr Meyer is attired in royal robes and has a crown on his head, and underneath the picture we read the following words:

The German King Edward VII.: The King's Double.

That the photograph in question bears a superficial resemblance to the King, and that it might conceivably be mistaken for a photograph of His Majesty we shall not deny. But we consider that for the *Sketch* to make use of the coincidence of an accidental likeness to suggest that His Majesty resembles a German Jew is altogether unpardonable, and is calculated to create a most unfortunate impression.

Mr. William Archer has not yet favoured us with the name of some play which has been accepted and staged as the direct or indirect result of his professional attendance upon it in the capacity of play doctor. Surely there must be one instance on record; and surely out of the large number of persons who have parted with sums varying from thirty shillings to three pounds ten in the way of fees to Mr. Archer there must be at least one person who is willing to come forward and say that he got his money's worth in the commercial as well as in the literary sense. Mr. Archer dodged our enquiry as to his actual cures when he wrote to us, and apparently he is still disposed to dodge it. We should have a feeling of great respect for him if he were to inform us that unhappily none of the would-be playwrights who have paid him fees has as yet achieved financial success. In point of fact, it seems to us more than likely that none of them has, and it is a pity that Mr. Archer lacks the pluck to own up. On the other hand, we may be entirely mistaken, and if we are mistaken, we think that out of common

charity and a reasonable respect for the literary business, Mr. Archer might safely indulge us with just one instance.

Meanwhile, we have received from Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie the following opportune letter:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your interesting articles on our arrangement with Mr. William Archer for reading and criticising plays seem to be based on the supposition that it is somehow profitable to us to induce hopelessly amateur playwrights to send us their plays, and that Mr. Archer is lending his distinguished name to such a catchpenny device. Nothing could be further from the facts. We have many immediate openings for effective, workmanlike plays, and have no difficulty in getting immediate consideration of such plays from the managers without making use of Mr. Archer's admirable criticisms, simply because most managers know by this time that we refuse to offer plays that are not at least worth serious consideration. It was never Mr. Archer's intention, or ours, to make his criticisms help in the placing of plays in any other way than by helping to make those plays better worth managers' consideration. They are, besides, mostly too searching to serve as an enticing exhibit to managers, unless portions of them were selected, a proceeding to which Mr. Archer very properly objected.

Yours faithfully,

CURTIS BROWN AND MASSIE.

Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are ingenious people. They perceive that advertisement is a useful thing, and they have written this letter in the pure spirit of the enterprising advertiser. We make no objection, particularly as they go out of their way to speak of Mr. Archer's "distinguished name." We have every respect for Mr. Archer's attainments, such as they are, and we have already made proper acknowledgment of his position among the dramatic critics. But "distinguished" is Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's epithet, and not ours. Furthermore, we have never suggested that it is profitable to them to induce hopelessly amateur playwrights to patronise their agency. At the same time, it would be interesting to know upon what terms the firm undertake the agency work of dramatic authors—that is to say, whether they handle plays at commission rates or whether they charge a fee. And in the latter event do they decline to act and decline to accept the fees of hopelessly amateur authors? As we conceive the literary agency business, it amounts simply to the taking of fees or commissions for the sale of authors' work. We believe that it is not the business of the literary agent to advise an author as to his hopelessness or otherwise. The author sends in manuscripts and fees, and it is the business of the literary agent to keep the money and circulate the manuscripts. If the most hopeless playwright in the world sent Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie the most hopeless play that was ever written, together with a cheque for fifty guineas and a request that the play be submitted to every manager in London, Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie would not send back the cheque, and there would be no dishonour or discredit about the transaction. But when Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie, or any other firm of dramatic agents, put up "the distinguished name" of Mr. Archer or any other dramatic critic in their advertisements, they must have some purpose in so doing.

And what is their purpose? We do not profess to have an inside knowledge of Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's professional mind. But do they ask us to believe that Mr. Archer is set forward as an inducement to authors who can be described as other than amateur and hopelessly unsuccessful? Because if they do we shall not

believe them. If Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are not prepared to take the fee of the hopeless amateur, they have no need for advertising of the kind which they set forward in the *Author*. If they do not take the hopeless amateur's fees they should say so in their advertisements. They should say: "This agency is intended for the service of dramatic authors who desire to be relieved of business details. Authors who have not had acceptance, or whose plays turn out to be hopeless on perusal, will have their manuscripts and their fees returned." This would be the fair, square, and above board method of doing business. As Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement now stands, the next ambitious shop-boy or servant-girl or country curate who peruses it is open to draw from it what we conceive to be the mistaken conclusion that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie, partly by virtue of their connection with Mr. Archer and partly through the fact that "they have many openings for good plays," are in a position in some way to help and assist the struggling author. Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie have no more openings for good plays than the usual openings, which openings are just as much in the hands of the Postmaster-General as they are in the hands of Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie. The Postmaster-General might conceivably take from an author a pound in postage stamps for lugging his cherished MSS. round London. Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie may be able to do it for less money, or they may not. Our advice to all amateur authors is that they should put their trust in the Postmaster-General, who, despite his lack of association with Mr. William Archer, is the best dramatic agent, even as he is the best literary agent in England. It is only your bloated successful author or playwright who can employ an agent with any real advantage other than the saving of trouble in parcel wrapping and stamp licking.

We are glad to find that the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains a short poem of some quality. We quote the first and last stanzas:

Let me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

And some day hence, toward Paradise  
And all its blest—if such should be—  
I will cast glad, afar-off eyes,  
Though it contain no place for me.

The author is Mr. Thomas Hardy. We will give Mr. Shorter a new fountain pen and a copy of the "Golden Treasury" if he will tell us why Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem is a good poem and why Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's effort in the March *Cornhill* was a bad one.

The times are out of joint. In the first number of *Nash's Magazine* there is a story called "Little Foxes," by a Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We understand that this rising young author has been paid nine hundred pounds for "Little Foxes," which works out at half-a-crown a word, or some similarly idiotic rate. We have struggled with the first two pages of "Little Foxes," and we would much rather have the nine hundred pounds. Mr. Nash could have done better with his money. Mr. Kipling, it is true, has written worse stories, but we have to thank our lucky stars that he has also written inestimably better. When *Nash's Magazine* gets its sea legs, so to speak, it will no doubt be a considerable magazine; for the publisher is evidently determined to spare no expense in the matter of securing talent. We confess with pain, however, that so far as number one is concerned the talent has failed Mr. Nash utterly. And we should like to

know upon what pretext the editor of *Nash's Magazine* ventures to serve up to us over the name of "The Whisker King" that old, old hirsute story about the Russian Admiral and Monte Carlo. If we remember rightly, this artless tale is to be found in Mr. Victor Bethel's admirable little book about Monte Carlo, where it is told with all the skill and point which it is worth. Mr. Richardson retells it for us in No. 1 of *Nash's Magazine* in an altogether clumsy and unconvincing manner. Old stories are good when they are not spoilt.

Here is another chance for Mr. Shorter. The April *English Review* contains two new poems by Mr. Thomas Hardy. We should advise Mr. Shorter to apply to one of his numerous friends for an opinion on the following stanza:

Who now recalls those crowded rooms  
Of old yclept, "The Argyle,"  
Where to the deep Drum-polka's booms,  
We hopped in boisterous style?  
Whither have danced those damsels now?  
Is Death the partner who doth mow  
Their wormy chaps and bare?  
Do their spectres spin like sparks within  
The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin  
To a thunderous Jullien air?

We will pass no opinion upon these lines until the great Shorter has said his particular say. "Gentlemen, pray silence for the pricker of the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'!" For the rest of the contents of the *English Review*, they would appear to have been lifted holus-bolus from the pellucid penny columns of the *New Age*—Arnold Bennett, Edward Garnett, Edward Thomas, and Edgar Jepson, bleaters of "isms" to a man and "intellectuals" from the hospitable Soho board of the delightful Mr. Orage. Apparently, however, Mr. Hueffer sets no great store by his *New Age* recruits, for on the cover of his magazine he stars an article entitled "Blue Water and the Thin Red Line," presumably by himself. Here is a sample passage from this wonderful article, or, rather, series of paragraphs:

The *English Review* stands for peace, for, as a writer on another page remarks, to peace Phidias belongs. It is only in times of peace that the arts flourish; therefore our motives will hardly be doubted if we insist that this country must have the consciousness of invulnerability. At the same time, or, at any rate, at first glance, nothing ought to be more captivating to the intellect or more easy to arrange than an agreement between this country and the German Empire for the restriction of armaments.

Mr. Belloc would doubtless call the latter part of this paragraph a lie. We shall merely content ourselves with saying that it is not true, and that we are grieved to see a journal which has appropriated a respectable title indulging such flagrantly disingenuous statements. We say disingenuous advisedly, because we cannot believe that a gentleman of Mr. Hueffer's all-British name is so grossly uninformed as to be unaware of the fact that Germany has flatly declined on at least two distinct occasions to discuss or to entertain any question of agreement. On the whole, the *English Review* has served up to now a certain good purpose, inasmuch as it has proved beyond a doubt that the Socialists are as rotten intellectually as they are politically. As soon as Mr. Hueffer's money is done the *English Review* closes its doors, and we will wager a new hat against a bottle of bad Medoc that it will not run into as many numbers as the ill-fated journal from which it copied its name.

The memory of Edward Fitzgerald will probably never be allowed to droop and fade. There is the Omar Club to keep it alive in the newspapers, and, what is a good deal more important, there is Fitz-

Gerald's monstrous fine "rendering" of Omar. We observe, however, with some alarm, that the Omarians, as they prettily dub themselves, would appear to be a trifle overcharged with what we may term centenary zeal. For at the present moment they seem incapable of opening their mouths or unsheathing their fountain pens without setting up FitzGerald for a god and the Rubaiyat for a religion. In point of fact, and despite the idiotic anecdotes about him which have lately been trotted out by Mr. Lucas and that humble chronicler of small beer, W. P. James, FitzGerald had little of the god in him, and, as we all know, his quatrains are not in the least to be recommended, unless one takes them as sheer poetry. Apart from grave matters, here is a paragraph which should interest not only good Omarians but lovers of poetry in general:

At Woodbridge and Ipswich on Saturday admirers of Edward FitzGerald assembled to celebrate the centenary of his birth. Among the pilgrims to visit the district where FitzGerald was born and spent most of his life were Mr. Birrell, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. In the evening a commemorative dinner was held at Ipswich. "The Immortal Memory of Edward FitzGerald" was proposed by Mr. Shorter. Responding to the toast of "Literature," proposed by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Birrell said they were there to do honour to FitzGerald's genius, and to express delight and unfeigned enjoyment in his works. Mr. Birrell said he would urge parents to give children an early opportunity of forming a taste for literature, which would afford them enormous happiness.

Mr. Birrell, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Clement Shorter and Dr. Robertson Nicoll! Poor old Fitz! And Nicoll responding to the toast of "Literature" at a FitzGerald dinner, as Shorter once did at a centenary dinner at Madam Tussaud's Exhibition! And Max Pemberton, who "when travelling abroad always carries a revolver," turning up to do honour to the immortal memory of a poet like Fitzgerald! And Mr. Birrell, the good, kind, tuppenny-hapenny Nonconformist Secretary for Ireland, urging parents to give children an early opportunity of forming a taste for literature, which, mark you, "would afford them enormous happiness!" It is lucky for this precious quartette—that is to say, Birrell, Pemberton, Shorter and Nicoll—that FitzGerald is in his grave. His views as to the pious Birrell and the much more pious Nicoll, not to mention his views as to Max Pemberton and Clement Shorter, would have been forcible hearing. Even the Garrick Club must have stared to read of Max Pemberton, once we believe "Mr. Answers," spreading himself in the interests of literature at a FitzGerald dinner.

In *John Bull* for Saturday, April 3rd, Mr. Bottomley informs all and sundry that henceforth he "will not submit to any further exactions at the hands of disappointed speculators." *John Bull* of April 3rd was published on Thursday morning. On Thursday afternoon an English jury found that on "February 21st Mr. Bottomley made intentional misrepresentations" to a purchaser of shares in the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency. Bottomley's next book will, no doubt, be dedicated to this jury, just as the impudent shillingsworth he is now circulating is dedicated to Sir Henry George Smallman, *Knight*, and Sir James Thomson Ritchie, *Baronet*. We are not disappointed speculators, inasmuch as we have never put up a pennypiece with Mr. Bottomley in our lives. But we should strongly advise all persons who have placed money with Mr. Bottomley or his Company in respect of the John Bull Trust and Agency to sue for its return. Mr. Bottomley's determinations are of no consequence in the least in the face of the law of England.

## "THE DAYS OF THE HALCYONS"

It is the halcyon's season. No gust heaves  
On the cold hill-side, in the wrinkled leaves,  
Fluttering with variable light the crust  
Of jasper and pale selenite, and dust  
Of sea-cold beryl on the pasturage;  
The grey fly floats above the barren hedge,  
Unmurmuring. Then, unintermittend, broke  
A glory on the red leaf on the oak,  
And on the shallow river-pools that keep  
Rich stain of leaf; the gulls above the deep  
Shine, and are changed, and melt upon the air.

High up in open silence, bright and bare,  
The sun unfolds upon the ocean. There  
The hueless steady waters, like a cloud  
Moved not, nor shook at all, only the loud  
And sleepless impulses of its pale breast  
Burst on the shallows, and die in wide unrest  
Upon the wave-worn horns and cloven bays;  
For Æolus, who lifts the deep, and lays,  
Restrains; while in some trembling glaze of light  
Below a shaft of sunny mist, the bright  
And blue-plumed Halcyon, Thetis' sacred bird,  
Broods on its moist and floating nest, unstirred.

M. JOURDAIN.

## DREADNOUGHTS

THE people of England are beginning to learn a lesson. Some years back, on the strength of various specious cries, they returned a Liberal Government to power. The people of England were assured by an army of frothy Liberal carpet-baggers that the turn of the democracy had arrived and that for the future the country was to be wisely governed by the "intellectual" and the working man. As types of the "intellectual" they put up Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Belloc, and in order to befool the working man to the top of his bent they made a Cabinet Minister out of that grubby little prosler and washing-carrier, John Burns; and in the sweet name of Nonconformity they also made a Cabinet Minister of Mr. Lloyd George, a Welsh attorney and a member of the firm of Lloyd George, Roberts and Company. And, to crown all, they took for a Prime Minister Mr. H. H. Asquith, a barrister-at-law, who is said, to his credit, formerly to have resided over a grocer's shop. We are going to assume that these gentlemen are personally the nicest men in the world and the most honourable. We are going to assume that as sturdy Liberals they indulge a stern contempt for power and emolument,

and that they regard their salaries and patronage as the sheerly irksome and regrettable burdens of greatness. We shall go further and forgive them innumerable indiscretions of speech and many foolish and dangerous acts. We shall forgive them their babble about the blood of the House of Lords. We shall set down their talk as to robbing hen-roosts for the mere persiflage of honest men. We shall consider their Licensing Bill in the light of a charming Parliamentary joke, which amused the country and which might, on the whole, have cost us a great deal more than it did; and we shall consider their coquettish with Socialism and Suffragitis and Militarism and the general body of cheap 'isms as the natural ebullition and overflow of the cheerful, hearty, brisk, bright and breezy, brotherly Liberal spirit. There they sit in a House of Commons specially made and provided for them, honest, sincere and unaffected patriots to a man, without spot, blemish, tarnish, flaw or fault, a happy and distinguished family, typical of English statesmanship at its highest, of English character at its noblest, and of the English genius for honesty at its ripest. The people of England, whose enthusiasm and sympathy for the persons they put into power is unbounded, will agree with us that the foregoing admissions and encomiums are nothing more than the great teetotal Government's due. But the people of England, poor souls, will not go further than that; for, as we have said, they are beginning to learn a lesson, which lesson is that if you set a Liberal on horseback his very honesty and nobility of mind compel him to ride vigorously to the Devil, dragging you after him. Messrs. Asquith, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George and John Burns are born riders of circus buck-jumpers. They simply insist upon keeping their seats, and as masters of the art of sitting tight and whooping loudly over their wonderful ability they have probably never been equalled. So long as the circus is solvent they will shout and continue to throw the lariat and corral-up the Indians and draw their pay, and small blame to them. They have had some years of it, and if the truth must be told their immoral spotted horses, not to mention themselves, would appear to be as fresh as ever. On the other hand, the public delight is not by any means what it was. There are dangers toward, which are not pleasant to the public contemplation. We shall not harrow up the feelings of our fellow creatures by rehearsing here the names of those dangers. We will merely content ourselves with pointing out that in the House of Commons the other night Sir Edward Grey set forward those dangers in the most complete and unreserved way, and there can now no longer be the slightest question as to their existence. Sir Edward Grey is a member of Mr. Asquith's cowboy troupe, and he is absolutely the only sane member of it. The fancy horsemanship and the whooping and the lariat casting are not for him. He is there to deal for England with the real world outside the circus, and, luckily for England, he is a plain man with a natural instinct for straightforwardness and a proper appreciation for the fact that his peculiar office renders him superior to the calls of party. Sir Edward Grey is the one minister in His Majesty's Government to whom Mr. Asquith cannot dictate. If Mr. Asquith and his cowboys could have had their way Sir Edward Grey's speech on the Navy the other evening would never have been made in the terms in which it was made. As a matter of fact, it was a speech for the country and not at all for the Liberal Government. It was virtually a speech in the gravest and clearest support of the Vote of Censure. And, coming from such a quarter, it was a deadly and unanswerable condemnation of the Government. Mr. Asquith and his cowboys must have writhed in their

seats during its delivery. In effect Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons, and told the country, that at least eight *Dreadnoughts* ought to be laid down at once. He attempted no concealment, and as is his wont he put the issue in the baldest and simplest language. No reasonable person can have misunderstood him. Even Mr. Asquith and the cowboys must have understood him, and the Liberal rank and file must have understood him to a man. Yet, what happened? Well, Mr. Asquith got up and gave us the usual forensic display. Virtually and by implication he told the House to take no notice of what Sir Edward Grey had said. "We have a majority, and we shall do as we like. And as for the country which sent us here it may be damned till it can get rid of us. We sincerely believe, in spite of what our own Foreign Minister tells us and in spite of the obvious facts, that the naval supremacy of England is in no danger, and that if it is in danger there is no need for us to build *Dreadnoughts*." Mr. Asquith is a lawyer, which is really the horrible fact about him. He has been accustomed to draft defences which run: "The defendant denies that he made use of the words complained of, and if he did use them they are true in substance and in fact." To the plain man such quibbles look like dishonesty; but all the judges at King's Bench will assure you that this is the legal way of putting things, and that it is perfectly proper and necessary. Mr. Asquith naturally brings his legal mind to bear upon the affairs of his party—we will not say of his country. Sir Edward Grey says "We want eight *Dreadnoughts*." Mr. Asquith says "We want eight *Dreadnoughts*, but at the same time we don't want eight *Dreadnoughts*, and if we do want eight *Dreadnoughts* we don't want eight *Dreadnoughts*." And in any case Mr. Asquith is not going to be a party to the provision of them. "Dr." Clifford might object, and, in point of fact, "Dr." Clifford would object. And Mr. Lloyd George would object. We have had enough of this Scotch and Welsh lawyering. We have been told that the people who insist upon an English navy which, on paper at any rate, could be guaranteed to encounter the German navy with a few ships left over after the encounter, are scaremongers. We have been told even that His Majesty the King is displeased with the scaremongers. For our own part, we care nothing who is displeased. Sir Edward Grey has told us that eight *Dreadnoughts* are wanted and eight *Dreadnoughts* we must have. The House of Lords, upon whom the people of this country always ultimately depend, will see to it that these eight *Dreadnoughts* are laid down forthwith. It is the House of Lords that represents the settled opinion of England. Majorities in the Commons are a fortuitous and ephemeral expression. At the present moment every Englishman bar "Dr." Clifford and Mr. Lloyd George wants *Dreadnoughts*. Even Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Burns want them—as private Englishmen; otherwise they are bigger fools than we take them for. The Lords will provide these *Dreadnoughts* and they will provide them by throwing out Mr. Lloyd George's Budget and forcing Mr. Asquith to go to the country. The result is a foregone conclusion, and, even if it were not, the necessity is there and the House of Lords will not flinch from its plain duty. It is high time that this graceless combination of persons, who call themselves the Liberal Government and have no more capacity for rule than the next cabman, should be pulled up short on a trifling of stern statesmanship. Is there a man amongst us who would trust Mr. Asquith or Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. John Burns with the management of an ordinary-sized drapery business? Why should we, therefore, leave them to play at their own sweet will with the vital necessities of the nation? Pensions or no pensions, they must come out.

## THE PIERCING CRIES OF MR. PEARSON

WHEN a man rises from a job obtained in a *Tit-Bits*' prize competition to be owner—or, at any rate, part owner—and ober-editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, not to say Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League, it is obvious that one should speak of him with bated breath and whispered humbleness. So that we here and now say "C. Arthur Pearson" in bland and dulcet tones. We shall venture to note, however, before quite dismissing our friend's shining appellation that it is prominently and indelibly associated with an ugly penny weekly paper called *Pearson's Weekly*, the which ugly penny weekly paper was, we believe, the only begetter of the missing word competition, and is still inviting its millions of readers to send it sixpence on the off-chance of "securing" "a record changelets prize." This Mr. Pearson, too, is the close bosom friend of that Mr. Peter Keary, J.P., who wrote a book called "Get On or Get Out," wherein the youth of the country is advised not to "slop over" and not to be a lobster. Everybody will admit that, despite the well-known dulness and illiteracy of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, the fact of Mr. Pearson's control of its "destinies" indicates on the whole that he has risen in life; and for our part we make no difficulty about felicitating him on his advancement. But when a man acquires by purchase or otherwise a great position he might conceivably be expected to live up to it. From the governing power of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, for example, you would not expect altogether the same methods of business or thought that you would expect from the governing power of, say, *Pearson's Weekly*. It is true that in an issue of *Pearson's Weekly* which lies before us we are informed that "A squealing in the tunnel is not always in the brakes" may be considered a "funny" "changelet rendering" of "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and that in the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* we are implored to solve the following English parallel:

In peace and safety day by day  
See me my charge contain;  
Cut off my head, and to the fray  
I charge with might and main.

But in the main the two journals have nothing in common, and, as we have said, one does not expect to find them soaring in similar intellectual or commercial planes. All of which we hope will serve properly to clear the ground. Last week we called attention to certain acts and deeds on the part of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*. We asserted that our contemporary had been guilty of taking from their context certain remarks which had appeared in THE ACADEMY, and that by printing them without their context and under misleading sub-titles had made THE ACADEMY appear to say the direct contrary of what it actually said. Prior to making public reference to the facts we had taken the trouble to write to certain persons in authority on the *Standard* newspaper and we have in writing the assurance of the editor of the morning *Standard* that he had shown our letter to the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*. This would be an unimportant circumstance were it not that the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, egged on evidently by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, with whom we have also communicated on the subject, has disclaimed in his own paper that he is in any way responsible. In the issue of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* of Saturday last Mr. Pearson's noble editor says flatly that, while

it is not his wish to concern himself with THE ACADEMY's "distressing accusation," it is astonishing that "even those who are engaged in another branch of the same trade as our own are capable of the bland assumption that the editor of an evening paper himself puts scissors or pen to paper over every paragraph that appears under his control." This gentleman's airy dismissal of distressing accusations which he is not prepared to discuss, for the very simple reason that he cannot discuss them with any show of credit to his paper, bears its condemnation on the face of it; and when he tries to shuffle out by making foolish assertions as to our want of knowledge of his "trade" and the illusions under which we labour he succeeds simply in rendering himself ridiculous. We have never suggested that the editor of a paper must write or paste out every paragraph that appears in that paper's columns; nor have we ever supposed that the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* did the paste and scissors work of his office. But we do say and maintain that, while that paste and scissors work may not be done by the editor himself, he is just as responsible for it—that is to say, if he be editor at all—as he is responsible for any other matter which may appear in the paper. And if the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, whoever he may be, is not responsible for the misleading extracts which he has quoted from THE ACADEMY and the misleading titles which have been put over those extracts we should like to know who is responsible. For our own part—and we base this assumption upon the general tenor of Mr. Pearson's editor's article on the subject—we are disposed to conclude that the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* must be one of those editors who are really sub-editors, and who possess no large or real control of the papers over which they are supposed to preside. For Mr. Pearson's editor informs us in bitter tones and by innuendo that the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* is neither "omniscient nor in his own sphere omnipotent"; neither is he "possessed of incredible calm, dignity, responsibility and power." He does not "plan with majestic deliberation the course of the day's operations." "Men do not fly hither and thither at his nod." He is silly enough to soil his "delicate fingers with the grime of the composing room." He "allows the even tenor of his high thoughts to be disturbed by a too active participation in desperate rushes to get formes locked up and sent down to the machine room by a particular second of time." His subordinates do not quake "at the fear of his impartial censure." He is "harassed with news services; plagued with sporting results and badgered with mechanical difficulties connected with paper, ink and presses." He never consults with his leader-writers or reviewers; he does not lunch with princes or premiers, and, in short, he is just a common over-pushed, perspiring sub-editor, and not an editor at all. The editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* says all this of himself by implication; the phrases we have quoted are his own phrases, and phrases which he assures us together express the public illusion as to the functions of the editor of a paper like the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*. But he asserts roundly that the public are wrong in their view, and he suggests that if he chose to reveal "the secrets of the prison house" the public would probably be surprised. Consequently we are compelled to assume that the editor of the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* is not his own master and that the people who do his scissoring for him are not under his control; and as he declines to be responsible for their lapses from journalistic grace, we can assume only that the responsible person is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson himself. In any case, we shall take this opportunity of advising the Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League and the ex-manager of *Tit-Bits*,

as well as the founder of *Pearson's Weekly* and the part owner of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, that for convenience's sake and in the face of the repudiation of his editor, we shall for the future hold him personally responsible for any further misleading quotations from THE ACADEMY, or disingenuous headlines, which the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* may desire to publish. On one other point we must have a word with Mr. Pearson. His editor says that THE ACADEMY "seems to appear once a week." This is clumsy impertinence, but it is, nevertheless, impertinence, and Mr. Pearson may be interested to know that THE ACADEMY was appearing once a week when Sir George Newnes was in the drapery trade and Mr. Pearson was having his ears boxed at school. THE ACADEMY has been seeming to appear for the last forty years, and the illusion is not likely to be destroyed.

## REVIEWS

### THE THEOLOGY OF THE SYNAGOGUE

*Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology.* By S. SCHECHTER, M.A., Litt.D. (Cantab.) (A. and C. Black.)

MR. SCHECHTER remarks incidentally "Judaism means to convert the world, not to convert itself . . . it has confidence in the world; it hopes, it prays and waits patiently for the great day when the world will be ripe for its acceptance." These words may be taken to mark his own position as an orthodox Jew of the modern school, and perhaps the original motive of his book—namely, to clear the way for the day which he desires. His book, however, is by no means controversial; its title announces its contents precisely. He has read a great quantity of Rabbinic theology and modern comments upon it, and he has collected with much labour many sayings of Rabbis on certain points of doctrine, mainly such conceptions as God, Revelation, Election, Sin, Retribution, Holiness. He offers "no philosophic exposition of the body of doctrine of the Synagogue, nor does he offer a description of its system of ethics." It would be impossible at present for any writer to do either; the Rabbinic theology is a vast and confused subject, and the enthusiastic studies of modern Jews have yet carried them but a short way into it, but so far as they, and some Gentiles also, have gone, there does not appear to be any system at all. Nevertheless, sufficient has been published on the subject in recent times to show that the contempt into which it fell among Gentiles was wholly misplaced. Though the Rabbinical writings do contain, as Mr. Schechter is at no pains to conceal, much that is puerile, they also deal with primary ideas common to all forms of religion, in an immense variety of aspects, with a sublimity of view and expression which has been seldom surpassed. The devout Christian, for example, may find much of suggestive value in the quotations collected by Mr. Schechter on the subjects already named.

The Unity of God, His election of the Jews, His revelation of Himself to them, and the Forgiveness of Sins, with certain ideas directly emanating from these, may be regarded as the only dogmas appearing clearly without contradiction in the Rabbinic writings. As has often been said before, these writers carry the method of expression by contradiction to such a pitch that there is scarcely another element of the Jewish faith which is not controverted, and even these, with the exception of the Unity of God, are modified in a hundred contradictory ways. Compared with the

Judaism of the Old Testament, the Rabbis emphasise much more strongly the mercy of God, and extend it more definitely to all mankind. They assume very distinctly the immortality of the soul, and even the more practical tend to mysticism. Even before the destruction of the Temple of necessity abolished the ritual sacrifices, there was a tendency to teach that good works, though not a substitute, had equal effect in reconciling the individual soul to God. But their language about God the Holy Unity is very little less anthropomorphic than that of the Old Testament; their national feeling, though generally freed from its former cruelty, is no less intense; and the immense importance has wisely continued to be attached, even down to the present time, to such points of ritual, and especially of domestic ritual, as it has been possible to observe. The early captivities had rendered Judaism more spiritual, the influence of the Greeks rendered it more philosophical, the advent of Christianity forced it, lest the Holy Unity should appear by contrast unmindful of mankind, to manifest It in the more winning attributes of human nature. The immense foreign influences over the Rabbinic writings are indeed one of their most evident characteristics. A large number of the questions discussed can be shown to have direct reference to the doctrines of the early heresies of the Christian era, partly Greek, partly Christian and partly Judaic. But there were two elements never adopted into Judaism: systematisation and logical expression.

The body of Rabbinic doctrine is like a rock of crystal, of which each Rabbi has polished a facet; or a lump of iron in a forge, on which each has struck his blow. It is as enduring as the iron and as luminous as the crystal, but shapeless. Each facet emits a spark of light, but there is no united glow. Each individual Rabbi responds to the universal enlightenment of God with his own refracted revelation. Each is entirely occupied with the particular point he is expounding. In order to make it clear in the aspect in which he is regarding it, he exaggerates to such a degree that, in order to make his statement true, and often even, compatible with his own doctrine, it must be balanced by the statement of another Rabbi on the same subject made from another point of view. Apparently the Hebrew mind attains to a general grasp of truth best by this system of contradictions. At any rate, such contradictions are very common in the Old Testament and are not rare in the New Testament. Many of the conclusions formed by Gentile writers concerning Rabbinic doctrine, therefore, show extraordinarily little insight into the Jewish mind. In particular, Mr. Schechter is justly indignant with the common Gentile notion, which he attributes primarily to Weber misled by such exaggerations as have been just noticed, concerning "the transcendentalism of the Rabbinic God, and His remoteness from man." It is difficult to understand how such an error could ever have arisen; the quotations on other subjects, made incidentally in Mr. Schechter's book alone, are sufficient to prove its entire lack of foundation.

Since the subject of this book is purely theological, a more detailed notice would be out of place here. It will be sufficient to quote one or two remarkable statements, which Mr. Schechter gathers from the Rabbinical writers or quotes verbatim. In reference to the intimate relations of God with Israel, it is stated: "He acts as best man at the wedding of Adam and Eve; He 'Himself in His glory' is occupied in doing the last honours to Moses, who would otherwise have remained unburied, as no man knew his grave; He teaches Torah to Israel, and to this very day He keeps school in heaven for those who died in infancy; He prays Himself [an amazing dictum] and teaches Israel how to pray." Again, in the same sense: "He needs us as we need Him." A Rabbi, asked to reconcile the

statement that the glory of God filled the tabernacle with the text, "The heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee," replied with one of those unapproachable parables distinctive of the Hebrew scriptures: "There was once a cave by the seashore, and the waves of the sea rose and filled the cave, yet were their waters not diminished. As an example of the Jews' "Joy in the Law," we are reminded of the beautiful Mosaic "Law of Forgetfulness," which orders that a sheaf of corn forgotten in the fields shall be left for the poor, and we are told of the great joy, celebrated with feasting and thank-offerings, of a certain man to whom the opportunity of obeying this law befell. It was obviously a law impossible to fulfil as long as it was in the mind. On the subject of individual responsibility and inefficacy the celebrated Hillel says: "If I am not for myself who is for me, and being for myself, what am I?" Illustrating the mercy of God, a Rabbi describes the entrances to the ways of good and evil. Before the good entrance stands the prophet Elias, inviting all to enter. The evil way has four doors in succession, guarded each by seven Angels, four within and three without. Before a man enters any of the doors, even the innermost, the three Angels entreat him long and tenderly to go back. In justifying the ceremonial law of purification, another Rabbi makes the remarkable and suggestive statement that the soul itself is polluted by anything likely to cause disgust. There are also statements curiously modern; that under the head of the Three Cardinal Sins falls "the cornering of wheat"; and that sins against chastity are caused by demoniacal possession—a more comfortable doctrine, but not universally taught. A remarkable psychological fact, the Jews' extraordinary love of idolatry, is noticed by the Rabbis, who account it a passion equally with lust, and ascribe the equally remarkable revulsion of the Jews from it since the Captivity, to the power of the earnest prayers of the Great Assembly. Two unattractive characteristics must be noticed. Many of the Rabbis fell into anthropomorphic expressions as distasteful and even ridiculous to Gentiles of the present time as Milton did. They detail long arguments between God and Moses or the Angels, in order to enhance the idea of His mercy. So severe are the Angels that God has to dig a way under His throne surreptitiously where the Angels will not see it, in order to receive the repentance of so notorious a sinner as Manasseh, King of Judah. Again, many of the Rabbis, always totally illogical, show extraordinary effrontery in their arguments. One of their favourite methods is to clench a fairly sound argument with a statement of fact invented on the spot, such as that the children of Achan were not really burnt with their father, according to the statement of that revolting incident in the book of Joshua, but merely taken to look on, for the sake of deterrent effect—an almost more revolting idea. Probably, however, the Rabbis' disquisitions were in many cases partially rhetorical lessons; at any rate, the statement of a single Rabbi was binding on no one, and their exaggerated emphasis was understood by their hearers much better than it is now. Notwithstanding its deficiencies, the body of Rabbinic theology remains of equal authority among the Jews with the Scriptures, and in many respects softens and humanises the Law of Moses.

### THE NORTHERN HILLS

*Motor Tours in Yorkshire.* By MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net.)

It is pleasant, having regard to the outcry which has been raised of late years against motorists and their inconsiderate ways, to find that a few possessors of cars are doing their best to prove to what good effect the advantages of speed can be used. Travel-books

are appearing in large numbers nowadays, a fair proportion of them coming from ladies who are almost as competent with the pen as they are at the steering-wheel, and, as far as they are not mere gossipy results of that fierce desire to rush into irresponsible print, which seems likely to be a most amazing and regrettable characteristic of the present period, they may be encouraged. We do not remember seeing anything better in its way than Mrs. Stawell's volume dealing with Yorkshire—a county as rich in history as it is in natural beauties.

The book is divided into four portions: "The Dales," "The Coast," "Chiefly Old Churches," "York and the South," and each is written with a care which betrays a love of the district far surpassing that of the fugitive tourist. If at times there is a flavour of the guide-book style about an occasional paragraph—"turning to the left we find the castle looking down upon us gloomily," and so on—we freely admit that such a fault is very difficult to avoid when describing a particular part of the country, and the author fully atones for a few slight lapses by her copious and illuminating remarks on the history of each place of note. This, indeed, is the strong attribute of her book—the scenery takes a secondary position, and the motor is hardly intruded at all. Mrs. Stawell tells of Lord Clifford, "surnamed the Butcher," and Margaret of Anjou; of Oliver Cromwell at Knaresborough; of King Alfred, who made Ripon a royal borough, and instituted a custom which prevails even to-day:

He it was who ordained that every night a horn should be blown by the wakeman, and that anyone who was robbed between the blowing of the horn and the hour of sunrise should be repaid by the townsfolk. From his day to ours each night at nine o'clock the men of Ripon have heard the horn—three long, penetrating blasts before the town hall and three before the wakeman's house. Several centuries ago the wakeman became the mayor, and now he blows the horn by deputy.

Of Mary Queen of Scots and Bolton Castle; of Whitby Abbey and its story; Piers Gaveston and Scarborough Castle; of Fountains Abbey, Rievaulx, Beverley Minster, and York, with their legends, we have glimpses in these pages. The chapter on the York of the present day is extremely interesting and full of acute appreciation:

No man knows the spell of York till he has approached it by road in the evening. Of all the fresh experiences that the motor-car has brought to us there are few from which the imagination gains so much as from this way of entering old and beautiful towns. We have too long accepted the roof of a railway station as our first view of such places. It is not an inspiring view. But to see York Minster from afar, shining under the evening sky and lifted high above the city; to watch it growing larger and larger, rising higher and higher, increasing in beauty every moment, until at last one drives slowly into its huge shadow; to pass under one of the great gates that have survived so many centuries, so many wars, so many pageants, that have welcomed so many kings, and dripped with the blood of so many warriors; to see the ancient streets for the first time idealised by the dusk of twilight will help us, if anything will, to recall and realise something of what York has been during the eighteen hundred years of her history.

Although the scenic beauties of the county are not the main feature of these "tours," the author has an eye for them. Hastening from Whitby to Scarborough, she says:

The road lies visible in front of us for miles; at times so straight that the telegraph wires are foreshortened till the posts are hardly distinguishable one from another; at other times winding in serpentine curves into the far distance. On each side of us, from the wheels of the hurrying car to the horizon, stretches the heather. Here and there is a patch of bracken, now and then a strip of yellow grass; but it is heather that makes the landscape, that flings its imperial robes over the hills and nestles under the wayside stones, that satisfies the eye and rests the heart with its astonishing beauty. Miles of

road fly under us; we glide up and we dart down; now we dip into a ferny dell and climb out of it again, now we cross a stony beck, now we pass a plantation of firs; but still the setting is heather, deep bell-heather and pale ling, purple and crimson and mauve, sweeping away till the colours are merged in blue. Bluest of all is the sea, which appears now and then in a triangle of sapphire at the end of a glen.

A neat contrast is drawn between Tintern Abbey and Rievaulx :

At Tintern the feeling of Cistercian seclusion can only be acquired through the imagination; a high road is close at hand; a brisk trade in picture postcards and Goss china is carried on at the abbey door; to be alone is almost impossible. But here at Rievaulx we may chance to stand in perfect solitude, perfect stillness, under the mighty archway that soars in dignified simplicity so far above our heads, and separates us as though by invisible gates from the world. . . . There is something here that is more than beauty; the very air seems charged with the prayers of holy men long dead.

The section devoted to the coast is perhaps the best, and we are inclined to place that treating of York next in honour; each reader, however, forming his own opinion will arrive at the same ultimate verdict: that the whole volume, with its numerous excellent photographs, forms a welcome and valuable addition to the literature of the English counties.

### LAUSANNE

*Lausanne.* Painted by J. HARDWICKE LEWIS and MAY HARDWICKE LEWIS; described by FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Black, 7s. 6d.)

THERE seems to be of late years an inclination to return to the "picture book" stage of literature, and on the question as to whether it is altogether a good sign of the times or not we do not feel quite certain. The untravelled like to see by painting and photography the places they have never visited and probably never can visit; the more fortunate wish to possess pretty reminders of pleasant sojourns abroad; and from this point of view there can be no objection to the "colour" books which form so definite a feature of present-day publishing. But from the higher standpoint of art we imagine that their popularity is not wholly beneficial. The stage has not yet been reached when the processes of reproduction in colour can satisfy the critical eye, and unless the appreciation is considerably weighted by a pleasant accompaniment of literary performance the average book of this description does not stand very high in a level-headed judgment of its worth.

Fortunately the one before us takes its place among the best examples, being strongly fortified by Mr. Gribble's interesting monograph on the town of Lausanne and its associations. Gibbon, of course, is the first name that occurs to the mind when Lausanne is mentioned, and of his curious career, his work, his extraordinary love-story with Madame Necker, both before and after her marriage, we have a capital summary; Mr. Gribble might naturally be expected not to miss this opportunity, being such a specialist in the amorous adventures of literary celebrities. His accomplishments and shortcomings as a critic we noted in reviewing his book on Rousseau a few months ago; he is perhaps at his best in a work of this character, where a light, facile touch is desirable rather than any specially eminent critical equipment. Of Benjamin Constant and his entanglements with Madame de Staël and other notorious ladies—these being all slightly relative to the vicinity of Lausanne—there is also a pleasing account; and many other well-known names appear. Mr. Gribble would have done better, however, to devote more space to the town as it is to-day; such modern matter and comment as he does give is excellent, and a few additional pages would have been

an advantage. The arrangement of the chapters might have been revised with advantage—the last three dealing with history, should have taken their place symmetrically in the earlier portion of the book; as it is, the modern part is sandwiched between two literary and historical sections somewhat incongruously. As to the illustrations, they are quite up to the usual standard of Messrs. Black's celebrated series, and not much more need be said about them. Some are a trifle crude and hard—evidently exigencies of reproduction are to blame for this; others are very successful; "Lausanne from the Signal" and "Lutry" are exceptionally good. Two or three the artists must have been sorry to see perpetuated; but, as we have suggested, the deficiency makes no aspersions on their skill and sense of beauty. As a gift-book, "Lausanne" ranks highly both in this way and by reason of its literary credentials.

### TWO PRETENDERS

*Dromina.* By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol, 6s.)

THE reader whose first experience of Mr. John Ayscough's skill as a novelist was gained by a perusal of "Mr. Beke of the Blacks" might easily have doubts as to whether "Dromina" was written by the same hand. The charm of humour and of sure delineation of character is here, as in the previous book, but the effective simplicity of "Mr. Beke" is forsaken for a plot with so many people in it and so many relationships that some little confusion is caused in the reader's mind—a confusion which is not lessened by the author's occasional artifice of taking a rearward survey *en passant* of events in the lives of his actors which have become past history. Steadfast attention, therefore, is demanded if the story is to be rightly understood; presuming this, those who have admired Mr. Ayscough's distinction and facility in the two different styles of "Marotz" and its successor will find that his hand loses not a whit of its cunning in the present volume.

"Dromina" is the name of the castle, or perhaps we should say the estate, in Connaught, from which the author centres the first half of his narrative; having remarked this, it hardly needs to be said that we are at once in the midst of a group of extremely interesting individuals whose fortunes we follow solicitously. The person, or personage, who for a great part of the book takes the leading position is known as "King" Ludovic, the ostensible ruler of a tribe of aristocratic gypsies which has encamped not far from Dromina, and Mr. Ayscough has cleverly introduced into his scheme the mystery of the lost Dauphin. Roma, the old gypsy woman who really reigns over the camp, is responsible for his youth, and a quotation will set the matter clearly:

Early in the year 1795 she was in France. . . . The camp to which she belonged was in the forest of Fontainebleau, and thither one evening a child was brought and confided to her care. He had been kidnapped from his infamous guardians a week or two before, but so strict a search was being silently made for him, that those who had saved him were in daily terror of his being discovered and treated, if that were conceivable, worse than ever. . . . The notion of hiding him among the gypsies had then occurred to his ever-alarm'd partisans, and they had very soon acted upon it. The event had answered their expectations, for no search for him among the Romany folk had ever been dreamed of, and presently it was given out officially that the Dauphin had died on June 8th, 1795. That the child was Charles Louis Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, Dauphin since his brother's death in 1789, Roma had been carefully informed. . . . It had seemed to her highly unsafe that he should remember too much, and she had persistently taught him to consider himself what he might safely be—a gypsy child.

She tells him his story when he arrives at manhood, and plots to make him a king in reality. He marries Ethna, eldest daughter of the M'Moroghs, of Dromina, and deteriorates sadly later on; in fact, he almost drops out of the story. Other love affairs of the two boys, Henry and Carthagh, form principal points in the book. To enter into details of the three or four chief characters and their fortunes would be quite impossible in a brief review; there are many subsidiary persons, also, whose travels and adventures occupy considerable space.

In the latter part of the book the young son of Henry comes to the front as self-constituted emperor of the island of San Diego. Here, to the reader's surprise, the scene changes and the story assumes a totally different quality—intrigue and escape, torture and death, enter into the theme quite in the cape-and-sword manner. In fact we are compelled to observe that Mr. Ayscough seems to us to have given too freely of his good things, or too indiscriminately; it is an artistic error to finish the book on such a completely altered plane from that of the beginning. There is material for at least two good stories here, the second of which could have taken its place as a sequel to the first. It seems rather ungrateful, however, to stigmatise this generosity as a fault, in view of the depressing paucity of equipment which spoils so much modern fiction, and we hasten to indicate, in conclusion, one quality which can hardly be overlooked by any critical reader. Mr. Ayscough's use of mysticism in matters both religious and secular is delicate and beautiful. He excels in this; there is a scene poignant and tender, where Conn, the little cripple youth, regains the power to walk, which neither strikes the improbable note nor offends the strictest good taste, and continually in the progress of the story the fine sense of things beyond our ken is evident. As to the literary style of "Dromina," we recollect reading from Mr. Ayscough's pen of an old schoolmaster of his, "who was devoted to the subject of philology and everything to do with language." That old schoolmaster's efforts on one pupil, at any rate, have not been wasted.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*The Key of Life.* By A. A. MUTHLEY. (Unwin, 6s.)

THE central idea of this story is not an attractive one. An Englishman has disappeared mysteriously—in reality has been captured by Arabs, and for ten years nothing whatever is heard of him. Then by chance an English doctor encounters him, and writes the news to the girl who has waited faithful to his memory at home. She goes out to Egypt, all eager anticipation, to find a blind, querulous wreck of a man instead of the lover of her tender imaginings. There is, of course, the third person to this problem in the shape of a Major, a fine fellow, who falls in love with the woman and whose love is returned. The story is well written, with a punctuation which is somewhat too profuse in commas, and it comes to a happy ending; there is nothing to distinguish it from the swarm of other novels, but it will please many readers by its description of the scenery of the Nile and by the ingenious elaboration of its theme.

*A Forsaken Garden.* By JESSIE AINSWORTH DAVIS. (John Long, 6s.)

It is impossible to deny to this novel a certain distinction, despite the frequently careless and indifferent writing of its author. It is planned on a large scale, and there is an almost epic intensity about all the

characters. The element of tragedy, indeed, is almost too insistent. One wearis for a momentary break in the monotony of sorrow and suffering. But Mrs. Davis is a relentless and inexorable novelist, and her puppets—though, to be fair, they are something more than puppets—have to "dree their weird" to the bitter end.

The central motive of this story is by no means new. It is a variant on the old, familiar, triangular tragedy. Two women and a man, a momentary misunderstanding, and the seeming waste of three lives—of all this we have read before, not once or twice. Mrs. Davis, however, invests the well-worn theme with a certain charm of novelty, and in the central figure—Nora Ainger, the winsome Irish girl, afterwards Mère Marie Gerard, the Ursuline nun—she has given us a fine study in the beauty and nobility of self-renunciation.

*Love and Battles.* By FRANK SIDGWICK. (Andrew Melrose, 6s.)

MR. ANDREW MELROSE has successfully demonstrated that one of the best ways to secure good fiction for a publishing house is by means of a prize competition. The prospect of 250 guineas is always a tempting bait, and, in the case of Mr. Melrose's competition, it must have induced many mute, inglorious Merediths (let us say) to inquire of themselves: "Why have I never written a novel?" It appears, at any rate, to have induced Mr. Frank Sidgwick to turn aside from his accustomed paths of poetical criticism, where he has but few competitors, to that broad highway of fiction, where (in these days of free education) practically everybody is a competitor. The result is remarkable. Mr. Sidgwick has shown us that he, the editor of ballads, the Elizabethan savant, can challenge nine novelists out of ten, and beat them at their own game. "Love and Battles" is as delightful a novel as we have met with for many a long day—whimsical, humorous, yet with a hint, here and there, of the profundities, and with an unfailing insight into the springs of human conduct. It is, needless to say, the work of a literary man, and the little tags of poetry in every chapter betray the ruling passion. Mr. Sidgwick's characters—most of them, at least—read, and what they read they discuss, so that we have a great deal of very sound and subtle criticism artfully insinuated in the form of dialogue. This, if in strict accordance with the tradition of the elders, is rank heresy to the moderns. Nevertheless, the novel—which ideally is a reflection of life—is too big a thing to be judged by any predetermined canons of criticism.

The architectonics of the book—to use Matthew Arnold's hideous word—are undeniably faulty. It is almost bewilderingly discursive, and it is some time before the reader can settle down and realise his position. With the arrival of Tony Bargrave, the hero, however, he attains a fixed centre of interest. Tony serves as a beacon light amidst the ever-changing scenes. We meet him first at Rugby, and there are some charming pictures of English public school life. Indeed, we are not sure that these earlier chapters are not the best in the book. Then there is the first awakening of love in the inflammable breast of our hero, and the straits into which this too-quickly kindled passion lead him. By the time we leave him, Tony, a man of twenty-six, has acquired much wisdom in the bracing school of rejection. He has sloughed much of his sentiment. The amorous has become almost a philosopher. In the meantime there is much diverting by-play. The book, it might be objected, is lacking in a central motive. Its title—"Love and Battles"—describes it admirably. But as a presentation of temperament it is supremely successful, and one can only hope that Mr. Sidgwick will go on to give us more novels of equal interest.

*Royal Palaces of Spain.* By A. F. CALVERT. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

OUR English Royal residences seem rather uninteresting and stolid after the glimpses of these Spanish Palaces, which Mr. Calvert now adds to his famous "Spanish Series," but the clearer air and the less rigorous climate undoubtedly works its subtle spell on architects and fashioners of stone as it does on poets and painters. Spain is unusually rich in gorgeous buildings, many of them, too, with memories of stirring and momentous events in her history, as the author notes in his preface:

On the gloomy pile of the Escorial—worthier of an Egyptian Pharaoh—Philip II. stamped conspicuously and indelibly his own sombre personality; Aranjuez and La Granja reveal to us monarchy in its lighter aspect; the Alcazar reminds us of the days when Castilian royalty aped the pomp of the Saracen and became itself half-Oriental; the Royal Palace of Madrid epitomises the greatest crisis in the nation's history, of the expulsion of its legitimate sovereign and of the usurpation of the eldest Buonaparte.

Readers whose taste does not lie in the regions of decorative art and historic associations will probably find the chapter devoted to King Alfonso's modern residence at Miramar one of the most interesting in this volume. The young King seems a favourite with all classes:

At San Sebastian the dignity and restraint of royalty is largely relaxed, and the English visitor realises more clearly than in any other part of the country how intensely democratic is the Spaniard at heart. The King of Spain is more in touch with the masses of his people than the ruler of any other European nation. He is an anointed sovereign and the most august personage in the land; but he is a Spaniard, he belongs to his people, he is one of themselves. In Madrid Court etiquette keeps the sovereign at a different altitude from his subjects, but here he rides and drives abroad, generally unattended, and sets an example of princely amiability and unaffected kindness which distinguishes all ranks of the Spanish nobility. The line of demarcation between the nobles and the people is so clearly defined that it never has to be emphasised. In their relations there is no unbending on the one side, there is no servility on the other. A grandee of Spain does not imperil his dignity by joining the cotillon at the Casino; a duchess can drink tea at the crowded tables of a public café without taking thought of appearances.

To describe adequately even one of the older palaces, such as the Escorial with all its treasures, would occupy a volume of many hundreds of pages, but the author is able to supplement the short account of that magnificent national possession which he gave us in his book on Madrid (reviewed in these columns a fortnight ago) by a slightly more extensive treatment. "Philip of Spain"—he of whose "great fleet invincible" Macaulay wrote, and who in schooldays was invariably bracketed with that same Armada—is the subject of a neat little character-study in the first few pages. Stern and laborious, an intense individualist, "an ecstatic ascetic," he seems to have expressed himself in this huge rectangular palace to which he gave more than twenty years of unremitting interest:

This was the man who in the leisure of thirty years of his life stamped his individuality upon the Royal Palace and Monastery of the Escorial, and fashioned this mighty pile to be a monument to his power and a revelation of his mind—a mind diseased with that virus of morbidity which turned from the contemplation of mercy, charity, and love, to ponder on the awful and retributive side of religion. The man explains the edifice, and the edifice is the picture of the man.

In his other chapters, which deal with less famous palaces, Mr. Calvert is no less successful, allowing for

exigencies of space. The plates, numbering 164, are good; our remarks upon those in the previous volume apply equally to these, with the reservation that not so many in the present book suffer from the drawbacks inevitable to reduction. The "Spanish Series" is growing to quite a surprising length, but we are pleased to find that it maintains the level of excellence, volume by volume, which characterised its first appearance.

*Salome and the Head.* By E. NESBIT. (Alston Rivers.)

If this utterly fantastic and improbable story is intended as an exposition of the art of the young lady who turned the heads of an appreciable portion of London's population a few months ago, it has arrived rather late in the day; and if it is intended as a serious romance we are compelled to say that Mrs. Bland has failed to give her incidents and her characters that semblance of reality without which the finest plot becomes dull and lifeless. The title of her book announces clearly enough her subject, and the opening chapters promise well—are, indeed, something of a woodland idyll, albeit they are sadly weakened by an indefensible colloquial style, a "buttonholing" of the reader for silly confidential remarks, which is simply irritating and useless. A sentence or two will illustrate the fault:

Edmund Templar, Corporal in the C.I.V. I implore you to check your uneasy surmises: I give you my word of honour that there are no veldts or kopjes or Boers in my pages. . . . Have courage, and read on. There is no fighting in the story, and it all happened in England. Most of it is very romantic, and some of it is rather horrible. If Edmund Templar, who is, I scorn to deny it, my hero, goes to South Africa, he goes alone. We will not, I pledge you my honour, go with him.

. . . Of course you guessed, as soon as I had mentioned nymphs, that Mr. Templar would come upon a girl dancing in the forest. That was just because the story is called *Salome*—and of course you knew it would be about a dancer . . . etc., etc.

This sort of writing, except in nursery tales, is neither clever nor amusing; it is simply bad taste; only two or three living novelists can achieve the personal touch with success. Later on in the story the idyllic prettiness degenerates into the crudest sensationalism, and for a sheer pertinacity of gruesomeness the account of the "head" would be difficult to outdo. If we merely mention that a man is murdered, his head cut off, and actually used on the stage of the "Hilarity" by Sylvia, the heroine; that the man is her husband; that no details of the horrible scenes are spared—even the decapitated corpse is described—our readers will see that it is unnecessary for us to insist on the glaring absurdity of the whole thing; it is the kind of mixture one might expect to find between the lurid covers of a penny-dreadful. It is not artistry; it is neither realism nor idealism; it is a lamentable futility. We are sorry for Mr. Stewart Headlam, who (in the book) "clapped his hands sore from the stalls" at the vision of Sylvia's performance; Mrs. Bland's friends will hardly be pleased at seeing this fiery and genial gentleman's name in such discreditable pages. We are sorry, too, for the author herself, who can but damage her reputation by this story after the excellent and delicate work which she has done. There seems to us to be no possible reason why "Salome" should not have been maintained upon the level of the passable introductory chapters; the wilful and nauseating intrusion of the horrors at which we have hinted merely mars a plot that, apart from them, is rather neat. Extraneous matters, too, such as a taxi-cab driver, who uses French tags, falls in love with Sylvia, and is permitted to kiss her, do not add anything to the reader's pleasure:

"Good-bye," she said. And in that moment of gratitude to him for what he had not said, she loved him. She looked at him a little wildly, and held out her hands. He took them, kissed them gently, and gently let them fall. It was then that she suddenly put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him.

"Dear child—dear, foolish child!" he said, "that was good of you. I shall remember that—as long as I live. You're very brave, very fine, very generous. You're sure you love that man?" he said. "I've no right to ask, but I must ask."

"Yes," she said. "Oh! of course I love him. Oh! I am sorry. Oh! I wish there were two of me," said she, "for then I should love you too."

Of course, this chauffeur turns out to be a "Honourable" who is "wanted," and, to save Sylvia, he gives himself up to the police as the man who has "committed the murder." He is freed from that charge, but we believe that after he has finished his term of imprisonment for the previous offence Sylvia rewards him, according to the final sentences with their rather unfortunate allusion to a "Chinese lantern":

But sometimes it happens that a man coming out of hell finds heaven waiting for him—hands that implore his hands—a face that his coming illuminates, as a candle lights up a Chinese lantern—eyes that see nothing in the world but his face—a heart that beats to a tune of wild gladness. And all that his long prison life has painted for him as lost for ever, out of reach, out of hope, is waiting for him in the chill, sweet morning, waiting with arms held out, saying: "Take me, for I am thine."

So it is hardly fair, perhaps, to call the chauffeur "extraneous matter" after all. We have said nothing of Templar, the lover, nor of the heroine's secret marriage; the fact is that the book is unpleasant and incoherent, and it would be useless to dwell on its defects further; they will be sufficiently obvious to any reader with a literary sense who glances at the quotations we have given. The unpleasantness comes as a disappointment, and from a careful perusal of the volume, appraising it as charitably as may be, most readers will find themselves echoing our own question: Why was the extraordinary effusion ever written?

### AN OUTDOOR BREVIARY—III.

THE hedgerows are budding as suddenly as the staff of Tannhäuser, after the sweet and temperate season of an early April. The tide of green begins to flow, like the stream of moonlight when the moon's disc is still below the horizon. There is a distinct change in colour in the grass. From an apparently flowerless patch a faint and most pure moist breath seems to exhale and pause and move with the liquid air. It is the greenish starry plume of ransoms whose olive leaves smell so rank when rubbed or plucked. The purplish heads of ground ivy, thick in every hedge, have a sweet familiar pungency of their own; and as in George Fox's description of his own mystical experience when he came up in spirit through the flaming sword into the Paradise, "All things were new and all creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter."

"Colour is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit," and the spring in England seems to lose one of its notes, because among all its yellows and whites and blues it has not the red, the rose-colour of Eastern spring-time, when the Syrian women bore the image of Tammuz to burial in the sea, while the red anemone, his flower, bloomed

among the cedars, and the rivers ran down red to the sea, staining it with a fringe of reddened surf.

"*C'est parce que la statue de Memnon était brisée qu'elle rendait un son à l'aurore.*"

The tall, perpendicular wall of the east front of the ruins streams up high in the cool shadows, with both its lateral towers cloaked in ivy. In the centre, the small Renaissance doorway, with the Saviour's head, and its inscription:

Sub numine tuo  
Stet genus et domus

gemmed with ferns, and approached by olive-mossed, worn, irregular steps, opens into a greenish sun-mottled gloom within. In the hexagonal court, the tall ochre-spotted wall rises up steeply to the blue sky stretched over it, the bluer for the well-like rim of the compassing wall, within which the colour is deepened and, as it were, concentrated; and underfoot in the middle of the court is the dry well sunk during the famous siege.

The outer walls are starred with powdery grey and orange rosettes of lichen or hid by blocks of ivy, whose scraping, light-pricked leaves ripple in the wind. Here a window-cranny is set with white, seeded grasses, and the lower wall is green for about two feet with moss, while along the lines of the mortar, among the mosses, creep mauve-flowered periwinkles, nettles, and ivy with its snake-like plaited stems.

Upon the smooth plat of grass, the east front limns itself, taller than life, in shadow-ruin, with the intolerable sun "growing and fading and growing upon it without sound," from one of the two tall pointed windows of the banqueting-hall.

"*C'est parce que la statue de Memnon était brisée qu'elle rendait un son à l'aurore.*"

The shrubbery that skirts the mounded grassy platform of the castle, soft to tread as down, with its springs of grey moss, is lit with the sparse crimson flower of the rhododendron and the new leaves of the syringa. The pale columnar stem of the ironwood tree, rooted by a ruined wall, is just breaking into russet elm-like leaves, fine as dust and pale, while near is the sun-bleached trunk of a fallen cedar, stripped of its bark and faintly pungent; near it an elder is feathered with green, and two dusky spires of cypress, with grey-skinned stems, pierce the blue sky like a dial finger; their pointed shadow drowsing on the crisp grey-mossed grass. It is more beautiful than a house with door and key and window and latch; for "the wrinkle of a fig is a seasonable beauty: the olive is at its best in putrefaction."

The thunder mutters from an opaque cloud upon which the pale-edged trees show with the brightness of burnished metal, and the fork lightning stretches between them like a wire, and then snaps. The thick grasses are bent with the rain, the white florets of the wild parsley are beaten in the slotted, fragrant dust, and a blast tears away the pale green oak-leaves and tosses them upon the field and the road; but the incommunicable beauty of lightning brings a sense of sharp wonder, which darts upon the mind with an almost physical sensation, as if one had drunk strange waters

This morning had a cold grey cloud, with a watery amber seam below it. Then, suddenly, "from the great cloud a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. And behold the day, behold it is come: the morning is gone forth, the rod hath blossomed, pride hath budded. And the cherubims lifted up their wings and mounted up from

the earth in my sight; and everyone stood at the door of the east gate of the Lord's House."

"*Siro te amari, Pulchrihido, tem antiqua et tam nova, sero te amari.*"

May—singular month, "a soure time and a sweete time, both sweete in promise and soure in fulfilment. And because the time of roses delayeth, so much the more shall we appraise her sournesse, which is but the sure conduct to fulfilment in time appointed. For as the months tread in their round each of yem stealeth or giveth to the other—upon a certaine compacte, and so doth Maye, of her sournesse, pay tribute to flowery June that followeth on her heels."

It is the season when "the warmth of the land is not hot and the coolth of it is not cold," when the air is cooler for moving about the innumerable limp leaves with their birth dew still upon them as for moving over water. A brown bird flies over the shaven grass of the water-meadow across the river where a white horse is drawing a jingling mowing machine, and into the green thorns by the path where the pale, wafer-like scales from the trees, spring's confetti, lie flatly in the dust. Upon one side of the path is a ditch, covered with flat, even-laid duckweed, where the tree-shadows lie sharply bitten; upon the other side winds the greyish-green river, which throws its reflected light all day to flutter like a moth upon the silver-flaked birch that arches one member across the water. From its creviced bark, a grey gnat moves out faintly and dizzily, like a convalescent, or a muttering bee sails through the lattice of thorns to the sparse dandelion-heads or the uncrumpling greenish umbels of parsley in the meadow.

In smooth reaches the trees are painted in greenish-grey upon the glaze of the water, which has, even at its steadiest, an ever-flowing wind-blur breaking it, and is fretted with rippling circles from a flapping fish, or pricked with insect-life as finely as with slender needles. The sun, too, is pictured down there, shorn of its beams, but even so the very eye of light is unapt to be looked on, an intolerable circle; and as one looks too long a tingling wafer of darkness creeps over him. On the water, too, lie the green scales the trees have cast; some of them have a little scarlet grain, like a seed of blood and pain embedded in them.

Many of the willow-trees in this water-walk are bent and broken, or have lost their best limbs, but the smell of the sap of their uncrumpling leaves is as sweet as that of the merest whip of a sapling with twenty new leaves upon it; and the secular thorns, whose branches are like knobs of iron-work, are hanging their "verdures" in the windy house of Spring, through whose rents and gaps shine the blue city towers, the glossy meadow, and the glaze of the water.

The most estimable quality of water is that it is nearly everywhere in communication with the open sun; his melting disc lies somewhere upon the face of all water; shallow and profound, they are charged with suns "carrying that remote fire, as it were, within their unalterable freshness," or turning it into pale slips of light that float upon the surface as flakes of gold float in the *giyōbu nashiji* lacquer.

### SLEEP

THE mind of man, to a certain extent, is inherently poetic, instinctively distrustful of too plain or too heartless an explanation of such intangible phenomena as minister to his sense of beauty or pleasure. We are told that the conflagration of a sunset is caused by

the unequal refraction of rays of light, aided by varying densities of atmosphere, smoke, reflection from edges of cloud, absorption of specified colours of the spectrum, and so on; and we accept the scientist's well-meant remarks, with the reservation that there is something about the sunset still unexplained. A musician plays to us a nocturne or a prelude of Chopin, or we hear an orchestra render some immortal symphony, and we are perfectly aware that certain arrangements of wood and wire have vibrated, certain strings, reeds and manufactured brass instruments have uttered notes whose wave-lengths can be measured and whose relationships have been adjusted; yet what secret influence thrilled the sound, so that some fugitive spirit leaned toward us for a few moments, whispering unutterable things, and stirring the fount of tears? The distant lightning shimmers palely over the sea, as if some huge moon-mirror were being playfully twirled by giants below the horizon, and we experience a vague resentment at being informed that it is merely the silent equalisation of electric tension between the earth and a cloud. The wind blows through the firs, but there is a voice in the wind; the tiny waterfall trickles into a moorland pool—but it bears elfin undertones to which we can listen without weariness.

The sense of mystery extends to our more intimate, familiar surroundings and customs—even to ourselves—and the temporary annihilation of sleep is perhaps the greatest mystery of all. Most people, did they confess it, would like to know what happens—"where they go"—during sleep, and the elucidations of the specialist regarding recuperation of brain-cells, restoration of energy, with a casual reference to metabolism and anabolism, seem painfully impertinent and to savour of prevarication, having to do with the body, and not at all with the suspension of personality which induced the question. It is just that suspension of personality which makes such an eerie affair of the seven or eight hours wherein, if we are fortunate, we lie motionless and prone. Twenty, thirty, forty minutes before we slept we were alive, alert, sitting by the fire with our book or talking with a friend. Then came a quiet mist stealing over the brain, a subtle slackening of attention to the printed page, a furtive glance at the clock when—not to hurt his feelings—our companion was looking another way; followed a faint pricking of the eyelids, a yawn which for heartiness might match with Teufelsdröckh's volcanic laughter, and a mighty stretch that relieved our very shoulder-blades. So, with languid "Good-nights" to whomsoever they were due, we dawdled meditatively upstairs, and fumbled off our clothes, thinking drowsily perhaps of how blissful and benignant it was to feel so comfortably tired. And ere the cool thrill of the soft sheets was fairly past, while yet we heard hazily the clip-clop of a belated hansom or the skirl of a motor, our five servitors who had so unwearily stood at beck and call all day struck work, composed themselves as though never again should we have need of them, and slumbered; and, since we are of little use without them, we, too, sank into oblivion. . . .

We woke in the morning to find that Time had had no idea of sleeping—that, in fact, he had let slip several of his winged hours with uncommonly light burdens as far as we were concerned; and in the business of giving the next fifteen or sixteen a double share the mystery was forgotten. "Morning brings back the heroic ages."

No mistress was ever wooed so assiduously, so constantly, nor in so many ways as sleep—and not always in the darkness of the night is she sought. We all know the friend who dozes after dinner, whose head droops gradually until, with several false starts, he nods like a mandarin, looks round suspiciously, and begins again. He is continually climbing the fence

into dreamland, and continually slipping down. We love better him who with benevolent smile frankly spreads the silken square over his face, thrusts his hands deeply into his pockets, stretches until gravity slides his portly body into the responsive leatheren hollows (well, the chair knows his ways!) and gives himself, unabashed by surreptitious giggles of restive juniors, to the comfortable hour. We remember, too, a gentleman of a certain worldly distinction, who found himself one blithe summer's day in the woods by a silvery-running stream; the picnic basket was lightened, and the other members of the party had dispersed. He chose with care a fine grassy mound beneath a beech-tree, extended himself deliberately, and, with the protective handkerchief to frustrate intrusive midges, slept—slept gloriously and not inaudibly. And the baser sort, passing his place of rest, scorned aloud the man who could do such a thing: "Fancy," said they, with ironic smiles, "coming out here to sleep!" They saw but superficially, not understanding that his was the worship of Nature's best admirer; to him came consolation, peace, and that delightful somnolence which only a tranquil mind and a healthy body can compass. The business man who can take a nap out of doors, lulled by the song of birds, the murmur of bees, the rustle of wind in heather or fern, and wake with a long breath to the sunlight, the dancing shadows, the gold and green and blue of earth and heaven, is likely to be one for whom life is no haphazard gift to be lightly handled or wasted.

Those who cannot sleep well have been pitied in every age. "Wearisome nights are appointed to me," complained Job; "when I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.... When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions." To lie awake for an hour or two, free from pain, able to think clearly in the lowered tension of the night—this is not a hardship; but to "shoulder all the weapons of black Insomnia's armoury"—to be tired, with aching head or aching heart, and to long unspeakably for the unfathomable, refreshing unconsciousness of sleep; to know only the drifting, intermittent, uneasy hour, disturbed even then by dreams—such forms the tragedy of many a life. For the night should be a neutral ground, whereon truce is proclaimed for the armies of the day; a bridge, guarded by silent sentinels. If in dreams we fight again in the warfare with phantom soldiers, still hear the ringing echoes of the clash of arms, the bridge of sleep is undefended; it becomes a battlefield harder and more grim by reason of the sombre, soundless spaces that envelope it so profoundly. And in the morning—the morning which should find us fronting the world in excellent fashion—the enemies we may meet will discover, if not a craven opponent, at least one whose armour is weakened, whose resistance is half-hearted, while the friends we are sure to meet will wonder at our lack-lustre eyes, our pallid countenance, our listless demeanour, our uninspired remarks:

From this unrest, lo, early wreck'd,  
A Future staggers crazy,  
Ophelia of the Ages, deck'd  
With woeful weed and daisy.

The day's work will leave us exhausted and glum, the geniality of evening will give place to irritation, and quite possibly our replies will become retorts, our retorts sarcasms, our sarcasms sneers, to the collapse of a whole world of happiness—someone else's happiness—in pitiful ruins.

Day by day to do one's work, and to know at night-fall that it has been well done, that perhaps it has helped others to do theirs; to quit us like men, whether roused by factory hooter or friendly farmyard sounds or noises of the city—such satisfaction is doomed by a mere lost night's rest. So, with the mystery still unsolved, we are bound to conclude that he who spends the night in dreamless slumber works best, loves best, and can, if he will, serve God and his fellow-men with the success that derives from energies undiminished and a tranquil mind.

## CORRESPONDENCE

TUBERCULOSIS.—WASHINGTON AND LONDON.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

SIR,—I attended the Tuberculosis Congress in Washington in the autumn of 1908. Those of us who were listeners listened to men whose names in science were great enough to attract 5,000 delegates to a five days' series of serious lectures. The delegates were scientists. One met the intellectual and rather intelligent German, the very intelligent American, the Englishman presenting valuable facts with precision and without ornament, the Frenchman eloquently grave, the Hungarian with all the vivacity and none of the gravity of the French, and the educated Russian with no characteristics of his own. The time at the disposal of the Congress at Washington was too short, the lectures were authoritative, they were luminous, and, alas! for the chairmen and timekeepers, they were seldom brief. Yet there were many sections, and the subjects and the celebrities were well chosen and well distributed. Everyone was pleased, we all felt we were concerned in a great and successful gathering. All the nations had Anglo-Saxon appetites and shared an intellectual interest in the benefit to mankind, together with an appreciative gratitude for American hospitality. Much knowledge was obtained and many menu cards. The American Government had directed that one of the largest of the public buildings should be used for the Congress, and even then the Government had fallen short of the wishes of the American people, for the Press showed a genuine chagrin that the Capitol itself had not been chosen. An exhibition philanthropic and educational of the modern means for dealing with tuberculosis was arranged with a marvel of attractiveness. As far as its attractiveness was concerned, never before had one seen anything so well done. The general public accepted the invitation to attend and at every corner demonstrators (fluent speakers) spoke, in language understood of the people, of the disease which dogs civilisation. And in the quieter lecture rooms one met Koch, Von Pirquet, Arloing, Calmette, Detré, Phillips, Newsholme, and men of equal stature.

The Congress formed a most serious effort to standardise the knowledge collected during the last years, knowledge by which consumption will be lessened and some day abolished. What were the subjects brought before this great gathering? Tuberculosis as it strikes at you, at me, at everyone; the disease as it rules in the home, as it steals into the schoolroom, as it thrusts into the workshop; the disease as it meets a man in his bedroom, as it meets him at his table, at his desk, in the tramcar, in the railway train, even in the theatre and the church. The disease has been carefully stalked in our big cities. In New York, as an instance, blocks of buildings have been found to be death traps; there are even blocks known as "lung blocks," also blocks of buildings have been found to be free from the disease. As with blocks, so with districts; some districts are full, some districts are as free from disease as the *Saturday Review* from rancour. The conditions which lead to disease are discovered or are being discovered. We learnt of the disease in cattle as well as in man; of the disease in the wild and the tame; we learnt of the possibility of transference from one animal to another, or from animal to man. We discussed the varying virulence of the "Bacillus" towards differing races, its deadliness to the black man fresh from his forest bed of leaves; its mildness towards the Jew, the everlasting citizen who has earned immunity even when forced by his necessities to live among festering filth. Every lecture-room poured learning into you and over you; every corridor tricked you into pupilage. Knowledge was there, anyone could pluck it without fear of hierachial damnation. Every university in England seemed to have sent specimens illus-

trating the disease, its cause and ravages; even demonstrators had come with their specimens.

Germany had a special court, so had France, so had Sweden; every nation was represented officially. We discussed the increase in Ireland, the decrease in England, the almost stationary condition in France. A Secretary of State expressed the significance of all these doings, when, addressing the foreign delegates, he pictured himself as contemplating the desolation ever present in every nation and only to be prevented by the Congresses, "such as this," and by the slow, steady, ceaseless work for mankind which such a congress represented.

Now, London is also interested in tuberculosis. This must be so, for out of every ten coffins made for its citizens one is destined for a consumptive. London has had its exhibition and conference on tuberculosis. An explanatory publication was issued by a Committee of Management and the names of a Consultative Committee took up the whole of one page, and names of men and women of eminence in medicine and of importance in social life were in the list. Naturally, anyone interested deeply in the great subject felt it impossible to stay away from a conference of such apparent importance, for the advertising was well done. It was important to know the medical world had progressed in its attack on tuberculosis since the meeting at Washington. Urbane representatives of publishing firms and of other firms were everywhere. Pamphlets containing empirical formulæ of the usual kind were distributed. Samples of drugs obsolete ten years ago were pressed on you. There were stalls for excellent instruments, excellent and most nutritious fad foods, and there was absolutely nothing new or old of any special interest to men specially interested in the nature or treatment of tuberculosis. The exhibition as far as tuberculosis was concerned was almost non-existent. Such a conference and exhibition might have done so much good. Everyone is interested in the poor wretch who is struck down because his physique is poor and his surroundings full of infection. Hundreds and thousands of people came into the Washington corridors to view the house of the workman as a breeding place for consumptives and the house, the same house, altered at a ridiculously small cost until it was as safe as the average Englishman's home; models of slum houses with ready-made arrangements for ventilation, rough verandahs for sleeping out in back yards; photographs alone, a large array of them would have been useful, photographs showing vividly the dangers lurking in workshops. An Apostles' Creed of Hygiene might have been exposed with kindergarten attractiveness, statistics of disease put as the magazines can put them—all kind of dodges to make the British people understand the danger.

I do not wish for a moment to decry a conference or that kind of thing because it is a small affair. The more the better, even if they are all called "national" and are stated to be exhibitions and are held in the centre of the Empire. The work to be done will tax all the powers of England, both official and voluntary. Every medical officer of health and every medical practitioner will be needed in this war against a preventable disease. There is in such a campaign room for all sorts of volunteers; earnestness without knowledge is a potential power, but it must be guided by knowledge with earnestness. Let there be business-like methods in marshalling all such forces, let the management be capable of management, let the nation be taught by the best teachers, by those who not only have the gift of eloquence, but the more important possession of knowledge, the full knowledge of the subject they are called upon to expound.

One point more. I find no notice of this London Conference and Exhibition in either the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal*, nor do I hear of any attempt to publish the papers given in the lecture-room.

H. DE C. W.

#### SHALL AND WILL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I beg to submit, for the favour of your criticism, two additional points connected with *shall* and *will*.

A long time ago, I had a discussion with a Master of Arts of one of the British Universities on *Shall I go?* and *Will I go?* My opinion was that *Will I go?* was always incorrect, and could be addressed only to a quack, to a man who would try to pass himself off as a diviner; in fact, that the question could be used only to mystify a mystifier; because this expression meant in French: "Est-ce que vous croyez que je veux aller?" a question which would be considered absurd or impertinent if used, in common parlance, to a French "interlocutor."

The English scholar asked: "Do you mean that I should be wrong if I were to say, 'Will I go? Of course I will?'" My

answer was: "To my mind you would. If I were you, I should prefer this: 'You ask me if I will go. Of course I will.' " (Vous me demandez si je veux aller, évidemment que je le veux.) "But what is your authority for that?" inquired my interlocutor. "Bain," I replied. "But Bain is a poor authority upon a question of this nature," retorted the English scholar; and he continued, "Allow me to tell you that your French is also a very unsafe guide under the circumstances." I was struck dumb, having no other arguments to offer.

Many years have elapsed since we had this discussion, and the more I think it over the more I feel disposed—with due deference to Galileo—to apply to my doubt in the matter the spirit of the words of that English poet who said—in speaking of the derision with which the great astronomer was treated, when he "proclaimed that the world, in a regular orbit, was ceaselessly whirled"—"It moves, for all that."

The second point is the difference between "shall you?" and "will you?"

An English clergyman, to whom I generally applied for philological advice, criticised me once, because I stated that I preferred "shall you?" to "will you?" in translating the following sentence:—"Quand aurez-vous onze ans?" (When shall you be eleven?). By putting this question, I added, "I expect the boy or the girl to answer: 'I shall be eleven at such and such a date,' and not, 'I will be eleven,' which would not be English." This gentleman's opinion was that I should be more correct if I used "will you?" The following are the additional explanations which I gave him, but which, unfortunately, did not convince him. According to Mason's grammar, when you expect the answer to be "I shall," you say "Shall you?" When you expect it to be "I will," you say, "Will you?" If, for instance, I were to translate into English this question: "Quand commencerez-vous le grec?" I would say, "When shall you begin Greek?" if I spoke to a schoolboy, and "When will you make your pupils begin Greek?" if I addressed myself to a headmaster; in the event of the latter's school being a private institution, where the headmaster could act as he pleased, the difference being that the schoolboy has no power to act as he likes in his school, whilst the headmaster of a private school has that power, and can, therefore, exercise his own will, at any time, and when he chooses to do so.

I now beg to submit to you my French interpretation of the two forms under consideration:—

"When shall you begin Greek?"

Quand commencerez-vous le grec? c'est-à-dire, quand vous ferez-vous commencer le grec? quand serez-vous obligé de commencer le grec?

"When will you make your pupils begin Greek?"

Quand ferez-vous commencer le grec à vos élèves? C'est-à-dire, quand serez-vous disposé à faire commencer, quand voudrez-vous faire commencer, le grec à vos élèves?

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

#### A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A recumbent figure of the poet Shakespeare in alabaster with Tudor Gothic canopy and screen is to be erected in a recess in the south aisle of the above cathedral, where it will form a pendant to the beautiful tomb of Gower opposite. Shakespeare was a parishioner of St. Saviour's for many years, at a time when regular attendance at church was absolutely compulsory, and Southwark Cathedral, as St. Saviour's is now called, is the one building remaining in London with which he was intimately connected. The total cost will be about £650, and the Chapter would be glad to raise this comparatively small sum before the Commemoration Service is held on April the 23rd next.

Those who are proud to think that the greatest name in literature belongs to a compatriot, but who doubt whether a theatre is the best memorial, may be glad of this opportunity of repaying their indebtedness. Cheques made payable to The Shakespeare (Southwark) Memorial, and crossed London and Westminster Bank, should be addressed to Canon Thompson, or to me, and sent to the Cathedral, London Bridge, S.E.

Yours faithfully,

RALPH LEFTWICH

(Hon. Sec.).

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## BIOGRAPHY

*Paul Verlaine, His Life and Work.* Edmund Sepelletier. Translated by E. M. Lang. Laurie, 21s. net.

*Tom Browne, R.I.* A. E. Johnson. Black, 3s. 6d. net.

*William Blake.* Basil de Selincourt. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

*Haeckel: His Life and Work.* Professor W. Bölsche. Watts, 6d.

*Sixty Years in the Wilderness.* Henry W. Lucy. Smith, Elder & Co., 10s. 6d. net.

## HISTORY

*Royal Palaces of Spain.* A Historical and Descriptive account of the Seven Principal Palaces of the Spanish Kings, with 114 illustrations. Albert F. Calvert. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.

*E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Volume VII.* 1. Ibn Miskawayh History. Luzac & Co.

*E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Volume VI.* 2. Edited by D. S. Margoliouth. Luzac & Co.

*A History of the United States and its People.* Vol. V. Elroy McKendree Avery. Burrows Bros., 28s. net.

## POETRY

*Ballads of Brave Women.* Alfred H. Miles and other writers. Stanley Paul, paper 1s., cloth 1s. 6d.

*Poems.* Dorothea Hollins. Masters, 2s. 6d. net.

## FICTION

*Salome and the Head.* A modern melodrama by E. Nesbit. A. Rivers, 6s.

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*Bible Teaching Church Teaching.* The Rt. Rev. M. R. Nelligan, D.D., Bishop of Auckland. Mowbray, 1d.

## MISCELLANEOUS

*The Valley of Shadows.* Francis Grierson. Constable, 6s. net.

*Lausanne.* Painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis. Described by Francis Gribble. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

*Bottomley's Book.* Horatio Bottomley. Odhams, 1s. net.

*The Failure of Lord Curzon.* A study in "Imperialism." An open letter to the Earl of Rosebery by C. J. O'Donnell. Unwin, 1s. net.

*Text-Book of Sound.* Edmund Catchpool, B.Sc. Clive, 4s. 6d.

*Vain Tales from "Vanity Fair."* Louise Heilgers. Ouseley, 3s.

*Queen Victoria's Journals.* Reprinted from *The Times*. 4d.

*The Case Against Socialism.* William Beanland. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s.

*Proceedings of the Classical Association, 1908.* Vol. VI. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

*Tennyson and Scientific Theology.* The Rev. J. W. Hayes. Elliot Stock, 2s. net.

*Index to Book Prices Current 1896-1906.* William Jaggard. Elliot Stock, £2 2s. net.

*Piano Playing.* Josef Hofmann. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. net.

*Grundfragen der Homerkritik Von Paul Cauer.* Williams & Norgate, mks., 12.

*Motor Tours in Yorkshire.* Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.

*Hegel's Educational Theory and Practice.* Millicent Mackenzie, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. net.

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*Notes on the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.* L. Worthington Evans and F. Shewell Cooper, M.A. Chas. Knight & Co.

*Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.* Vol. XXVIII. Asher & Co.

*The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh.* Vols. i. and ii. Edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. John Lane, 25s. net.

*The Douglas Cause.* Edited by A. Francis Steuart. W. Hodge & Co., 5s. net.

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*Silas Marner and Scenes of Clerical Life.* George Eliot. The Pilgrim Press, 2s. 6d. net.

## MAGAZINES

*Boy's Own Paper, Girl's Own Paper, Sunday at Home, Friendly Greetings, Atlantic Monthly, Expert.*

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APRIL, 1909.

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